

The AMEN CORNER

We lately dilated upon the classical drama apropos of Gilbert Murray's *Arctophanes. A Study*.

But, as Mr. George N. Shuster reminds us in the *Commonweal*—he is writing about *The Drama of the Mediaeval Church* by Professor Karl Young of Yale which the Oxford University Press has just published—"when the tradition of classical drama was virtually lost in the early middle ages, the instinct to make plays did not therefore disappear. In all probability a great many people continued to live by acting, and certainly the populace responded eagerly to every kind of make-believe. It was natural that the Church as the heart and center of mediaeval life should reflect tendencies present in society; and so what is termed the 'drama of the mediaeval Church' was nursed into being. For many years Professor Young has devoted himself to the study of this drama, bringing to the task not only a very great competence but a warm and living interest in the subject-matter. The results of this study are now offered in two large volumes, which are depositories of the texts and accumulations of slowly, carefully written comment. Thus we are given a work of extraordinary interest. . . . The book is clearly and correctly written, and it can be read without attending to the notes and critical remarks, but these possess for the earnest student a worth not easily estimated. They have been written with respect for the traditions of scholarship and with the lucid veracity of a fine mind. It would be a pity if the work as a whole were missing from any library that serves inquirers into the literature of the past."

The volumes contain 24 beautiful plates reproducing early manuscripts, illustrations, etc. They caused us to turn with renewed interest to Sir Edmund Chambers's *The Mediaeval Stage* and *The Elizabethan Stage*. The Oxford Press have just brought out *An Introduction to Tudor Drama* by F. S. Boas.

We advise all Little Theatre enthusiasts to get Mr. G. R. Foss's *What the Author Meant*, a book on Shakespeare by an experienced actor and producer, by F. Anstey, which are scheduled for early publication. And don't overlook the plays in our favorite *World's Classics* series.

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An Illustrious Soldier

GOVERNEUR KEMBLE WARREN. *The Life and Letters of an American Soldier 1830-1882*. By Emerson Gifford Taylor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

Reviewed by MAJOR DONALD ARMSTRONG

EIGHT days before Lee's surrender at Appomattox, Grant relieved a distinguished Major-General from command of the Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. This officer, whom Stephen Benét calls the "Greek-mouthed Warren," had unquestionably saved the Union forces at Gettysburg. The author of "John Brown's Body" strikingly epitomizes Warren's service in that battle:

*Sometimes, and in battle even, a moment comes
When a man with eyes can see a dip in the scales
And, so seeing, reverse a fortune. Warren has eyes
And such a moment comes to him now.*

That was in 1863. In the fighting south of Petersburg on April 1, 1865, Warren aroused the antagonism of Sheridan, his temporary commanding officer, and his humiliating and unmerited disgrace followed.

Conscious of duty well done, this soldier immediately demanded a Court of Inquiry, but not until seventeen years later did the War Department appoint a court to investigate the entire affair. The court justified and approved every action of Warren in that last battle, and vindicated his name and honor. But the broken-hearted Warren had died three months earlier, not knowing that his long battle for justice had been completely won.

It is strange that the tragedy of Gouverneur Warren's life has not long since attracted a host of biographers. To rise in the brief space of twenty-six months from second lieutenant to a thirty-three year old Major-General is a sufficiently notable achievement to arouse interest in such a career. At the moment he was made a Corps Commander, he wrote his wife: "So many papers have spoken well of me, that I think it is about time I died and closed my military career. Don't you think so? If I could just get killed in a great and glorious battle in which I took part, I might have a biography."

He has his biography at last. Late it is like his official vindication, but it is all that the unfortunate Warren could have wished. Colonel Taylor makes skilful use of the excellent material for a biography afforded by Warren's loves and hates, his successes and disappointments, and the poignant drama of his long wait for exoneration. The author avails himself of General Warren's diary, his voluminous correspondence, and official documents to spread before us the record of a gallant American soldier. A hard fighter, but always considerate of his men; a loyal northerner, but sympathetic with the problems of the South; contemptuous of politicians on both sides; and looking to a peace of complete reconciliation, Warren's character is found to be noble and generous. He was modest in his triumphs, patient in his afflictions, another "bon chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche."

From time to time in the course of this nation's history, a few soldiers of the regular army emerge from the limbo of the forgotten man, figure prominently for a brief period in strengthening the republic, and then silently return whence they came. One of the best of these was Gouverneur Kemble Warren. Col. Taylor's eminent work rescues this illustrious American soldier from oblivion.

Bedouins and Blacks

CROSSROADS. Translated from the French of Joseph Kessel by William Allen Wolf. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

BLACK MISCHIEF. By Evelyn Waugh. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

BOTH these stories address themselves to the region roundabout the Gulf of Aden, on the edge of the Red Sea—the Frenchman's novel in the mood of high, Byronic romance, the Englishman's in a sort of suburban-villa twitter, viewing the incredible tropics over the toasted muffins and tea. Azania, the island empire of "Black Mischief," lies just round the corner of Italian Somaliland, between the Gulf of Aden and the Indian Ocean, but it bears a striking resemblance to Abyssinia. Seth,

its black monarch, has been to Oxford, and having set himself on the throne shortly after his return from England with a coup d'état in which some of his enthusiastic troops inadvertently ate his poor old father, he is determined to introduce into his backward kingdom all the benefits of Civilization and Progress.

And then there is Prudence, the British Minister's daughter, and darling William, the Legation attaché, who kisses her with his eyelashes—"delicious, do it some more"—and Basil Seal, who had known Emperor Seth at Oxford, and Dame Mildred Porch, and a lot of others, native and foreign, and all sorts of queer and outlandish doings, in which now we spoof the English themselves, and now the Azanians, and aim to be quite too screamingly droll. Sometimes we succeed pretty well, for Mr. Waugh is clever and accurate at light dialogue, and in a sort of "goofy," P. G. Wodehouse manner, but in general the determination to be funny is a trifle too apparent.

"Crossroads" is in an altogether different manner. No women here, or at any rate, they cut no figure, but

new and more serious things. . . . The mystery of a Somali song at night, the sight of Mordhom holding the tiller firm in a storm, the swelling of a mainsail—things mysterious and full of deep meaning. Wind, the sun, hunger, danger. . . . Love, too, some time, perhaps, but a love simplified and chaste, as austere as the life and death of these sleeping men, as deep as that of En-Daire.

There are three men—Igricheff, son of a Russian aristocrat and a Kirghis chieftan's daughter, who rides the marvellous black stallion, Satan; Mordhom, Breton master of a trading bark; and Lozère, the young Frenchman. All three are of the school of the romantic heroes of the early part of the nineteenth century; hard, handsome, fiery men, tired of civilization, driven ruthlessly onward by some implacable inner force to find unity and peace on mountain tops, the high seas, austere deserts. Boy Scouts *de luxe*. Done just a little differently, and "Crossroads" would plump straight into the vein of "three shots rang out, and three redskins bit the dust"; done solemnly, and with a certain lyric beauty and romantic sincerity, it isn't quite that. But for the adult reader, the deadline will never be very far off.

Mrs. Wharton's Works

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF EDITH WHARTON. By Lavinia Davis. Portland, Maine: The Southworth Press. 1933.

Reviewed by BERTHA COOLIDGE

IN spite of the depression, the enthusiasm for producing bibliographies of living authors continues unabated and Lavinia Davis is the latest recruit to the ranks of authorship. This is the second volume relating to the works of Edith Wharton, the first having been compiled by Lawson McClung Melish in 1927.

Mrs. Davis in her introduction refers to the earlier work and suggests that as regards the matter of collating the American first editions she may be charged with repetition. For her claim to independence she relies upon her check lists (they can hardly be called otherwise) of the English first editions and essays, poems, and stories, which have appeared in magazines and articles commenting on Mrs. Wharton. One might wish that stress had been laid on the French articles by or concerning Mrs. Wharton as well. The latter has the distinction of being one of our few living Americans who have contributed stories and reviews to French periodicals in their mother tongue. The lists, however, show research and are of value. If reliable and complete, they would form the nucleus of an interesting study.

Various inaccuracies, however, give the impression of a hurried printing at least, and although a book of this description can seldom be published without a slip of some sort, those who have themselves struggled through months of meticulous checking and proof reading will recognize portentous signs at once. Something went visibly wrong when twenty-one of the first twenty-five items in the index are listed incorrectly.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the one note which enlivens the solemnity of Mr. Malish's volume (and this reviewer believes in notes) should have been omitted by Mrs. Davis. More especially as it indicates the distinction between first and second issues, the function of a work of this type.

It seems that in the first issue of the first edition of "The Age of Innocence" the following quotation from the burial service appeared on p. 186: "Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God," etc. This was hastily changed in the second issue to "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together . . ." as being more appropriate. Quotations and dedications are tricky things as Lew Wallace discovered when inscribing "Ben Hur" "To the Wife of my Youth" which was amplified to "who still abides with me" after a deluge of inquiries as to the details of Mrs. Wallace's demise.

We will not discuss the technique of Mrs. Davis's volume. Details of bibliographical method vary, but fundamentals do not and if the author has disregarded some of these, she indicates in her preface that she is a most enthusiastic amateur and her work has been a labor of love.

Mazzini's Visions

MAZZINI: PROPHET OF MODERN EUROPE. By Gwilym O. Griffith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933.

Reviewed by GAETANO SALVEMINI

DURING the forty years of his apostolate (1832-1872) Mazzini preached the right of every European nation to form a political unit independent of all foreign domination, and the duty of all free nations to unite peaceably in the association of mankind.

The first point has been almost entirely carried out. None can read the pages which Mazzini eighty years ago consecrated to the national problems of Europe without being deeply struck by their prophetic force. Today the political map of Europe coincides almost exactly with Mazzini's visions. Here and there the principle of nationality is still violated, and racial minorities suffer from such violations; but these latter are incomparably fewer than those of eighty years ago. From this standpoint Mr. Griffith is wholly justified when he terms Mazzini the "Prophet of Modern Europe."

But in this Europe which in its material features so closely resembles the Europe predicted by Mazzini, Mazzini would seek in vain for the moral features of his new humanity. The recognition of the principle of nationality, instead of producing a Europe morally united in the tasks of peace and labor seems to have plunged Europe into a turbid sea of brutal and intolerant national egotism. And amid the fierce antagonisms which stir the national states old and new, one against the other, the principle of nationality itself is threatened with shipwreck. For these antagonisms cannot fail to produce fresh wars; and fresh wars can only result in the breaking up of those national states that succumb under the weight of defeat. Thus Mazzini's doctrine of the right of nationality, in the hour of its most glamorous material victory, seems on the road to moral bankruptcy. And many readers of Mr. Griffith's book will smile at the statement that Mazzini is to be regarded and admired as the prophet of modern Europe.

On the other hand Europe must choose between two roads. She may go forward along the way traced by Mazzini, appease her nations with more courageous justice and link them in a league of nations, which would not only guarantee the *status quo*, but serve as the instrument for necessary and peaceful revisions; or she may continue the game of diplomatic contests and national strife till civilization is overthrown by a new war. In these circumstances, even more clearly than in the past, national sentiment dissociated from sentiment of international union becomes barbarous and maleficent. Mazzini's teaching never has been so significant and so highly expressive as today.

Writing after the excellent biography of Mazzini published by Mr. Bolton King in 1902, Mr. Griffith has been able to take advantage of all the material that has come to light during the last thirty years. He has used this material with diligence and intelligence. His judgment is never that of a blindly fanatic admirer, though a cooler examination might sometimes have led him to opinions less favorable to the hero of the study. The book is written in a lively, warm, and expressive style. No one who reads it will waste his time. In this accurate and honest interpretation of a fairminded and able biographer he will learn to know the most noble man that Italy produced in the nineteenth century.

Gaetano Salvemini, historian, recently analyzed Fascism for Mr. Schmalhauser's symposium, "Recovery Through Revolution."

The PHOENIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HUMANISM—AND OTHER CHANGES

IN the Spring of 1930 the new Humanism was rampant in New York. *The Phoenix* avoided as much as possible the pother, contenting himself with remarking:

*Bid me to live and I will live thy Humanist to be,
But bid me love and I will give an Inner
Check to thee!*

That year we did right by the Van Dorens, the elder of whom valiantly contested the Humanists in open forum assembled; for we printed a portion of Carl's great biography of Swift and also a portion of Mark's excellent narrative poem, "Jonathan Gentry." Likewise we discovered a new poet named Edward Doro, (the name is rather similar!) two of whose highly original works, "Tonight in Philadelphia" and "The Boar and Shibboleth," caused us much enthusiasm. Late this summer Alfred Knopf is bringing out his first book of poems under the latter title.

In the month of February 1931 *The Saturday Review* spread before its subscribers a page-list of its principal reviewers in all fields, the Arts, Belles Lettres, Finance and Economics, Foreign Literature, Drama, Education, History and Biography, and so on. The list was impressive. In June of that year we instituted a literary charade contest called "Pegasus Perplexing," the charades being the work of that master of this form of riddle, Dean Le Baron Russell Briggs of Harvard. This contest closed in September. Some remarkable long poems that we published in 1931 were Paul Eaton Reeve's "Auto-da-Fé," Theodore Morrison's "Defense of Poesie," Robert P. Tristram Coffin's page poem, "The Schooling of Richard Orr," and "Orion" by Aldous Huxley. And then, in October, we came to the fundamental style change that has characterized *The Saturday Review* ever since. As Mr. Morley put it, in the issue of October 10, 1931 (the first under the new dispensation) in a poem called "On a Change of Style,"

*"We're changing our format," the Manager said:
"We'll drop you to 8-point and double the
lead,
And give you a monotype Garamont head."*

*"A 4-column page, type of uniform size,
Is a legible treat to the customer's eyes
And appeals to the publishers who advertise."*

Guy Pène Du Bois, the distinguished American artist, began to do satirical drawings for us on literary themes, and, in November, Katherine Ulrich, who had made an extraordinary success of the Junior Literary Guild, took charge of our "Children's Bookshop." Mr. Morley's "Human Being" began to follow his "John Mistletoe" in *The Bowling Green*. But the most important contribution we printed that fall was a review by Thomas W. Lamont of Hjalmar H. G. Schacht's "The End of the Reparations." This came at the close of October, and all the newspapers of New York were agog over its release, as it discussed the Reparations at a moment when unofficial international conferences were being held in Washington.

1932 HIGH SPOTS

The high spots of 1932 are, in my opinion, an examination in January of the Cheney Survey of the Book Industry, by Robert S. Lynd, one of the authors of "Middletown"; Archibald MacLeish's address "To the Young Men of Wall Street," in the same issue; Sir Norman Angell, in February; Ben Ray Redman's article based on Rush's analysis of the answers from over 1400 book-buyers to our questionnaire as to whether publishers' advertising was "Leading or Misleading"; (George Oppenheimer, of the Viking Press, wrote for us further on this topic); John Dewey's examination of Oswald Spengler's theories, in March; "O'Neill and Aeschylus," by John Corbin, end of April; "Art, Beauty, and Balderdash," by Branch Cabell, in June; the discussion of Jan Welzl's "Thirty Years in the Golden North" by Stefannson and Capek in July; the anonymous article "You Publishers," the end of the same month; "Why . . . Should I Care?" by Pearl S. Buck, in

August; extracts from D. H. Lawrence's letters in the same month; but most notable of all from the standpoint of journalism, Christopher Morley's "Notes on a Visit to the White House," an interview with President Hoover on the subject of what he read, which we printed the end of last September. We followed it with another interview by Hendrik Willem Van Loon on "What Governor Roosevelt Reads," and with a letter to Dr. Canby from Norman Thomas, then the Socialist candidate for President, as to his own reading predilections. Following that, we gave you Rebecca West on Charlotte Brontë and an excerpt from T. E. Lawrence's translation of "The Odyssey" which was attracting great attention. Meanwhile, the department "News From the States" had been started, and I began to review a few of the current plays from a literary point of view, as Mr. Saylor had far more worthily done before me. The latest business reorganization of *The Saturday Review* occurred over a year ago, in the thick of the depression, viz: June 15, 1932. Dr. Canby, in addition to his duties as editor, then assumed the office of Chairman of the Board and Noble Cathcart became President and Treasurer of the Company. Amy Loveman was elected to the office of Secretary. In 1933, may I remind you particularly of John Corbin's illuminating essays upon George S. Kaufman and Noel Coward, of Robert E. Sherwood's gorgeous satirical "poem," "Inaugural Parade," of Arthur Ruhl's "Finding of the Snark," and Mr. Canby's own commemoration of Galsworthy?

AND NOW, IN THIS YEAR—

I began this chronicle with the Ides of March—which, obviously, have not been prophetic of doom! We have passed many Marches since then, and many other months as well. And April, as a matter of fact, should be allotted its proper importance, for it was the exact middle of the April just past when a new name appeared upon the masthead of this journal, namely that of John Chamberlain, as Assistant Editor.

Of the two able additions to the staff of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, John Chamberlain is the author of "Farewell to Reform," a study of Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Era, and resigned from the *New York Times* to become our assistant editor. He had been right hand man to Donald Adams, editor of the *Times Book Review*. George Stevens, erstwhile Vice President of the W. W. Norton Company, has joined our staff for the particular purpose of strengthening our circulation and advertising departments. *The Saturday Review* anticipated the active and progressive period sure to follow the breaking of the back of the Depression. Hence the reinforcements!

We now feel geared to the stirring days ahead, and are more fully equipped than ever for a thorough canvass of the field of contemporary literature. In this issue you will note certain new departures in format. You will see that our headings are now in roman, no longer in italic type, that the two-column heads are larger and that greater length is allowed to certain single-column heads. An inside editorial page, sometimes carrying more than one editorial, and pertinently illustrated, is another new feature. This allows us to display our leading reviews on the front page to better effect.

A good deal of nonsense is sometimes talked concerning "happy families" in editorial and other offices, but from long experience I can testify to how *The Saturday Review* staff pulls together and how, in the past, like all other organizations, it has faced certain crises with an esprit de corps of which it is modestly proud. To cover all angles of a profession and a business that has, in the twentieth century, become so enormously ramified as that of authorship and book-publishing, requires the best efforts of the best brains, and we feel that in our multifold reviewers and in a strengthened editorial and business staff we can now meet any requirements.

Above all *The Saturday Review of Literature* has always stood and will continue to stand for two main principles (1.) The reviewing of books by the most expert and authoritative opinion possible, without fear, favor, or influence. (2.) The judicious encouragement of new writers and all outstanding talent that comes to

its attention. On the other hand its recognition of the necessity for experimentation in literature will not be colored by the propaganda of new cliques or schools. As detached a viewpoint as is humanly possible will be maintained both toward the work of established reputations and the work of reputations still in the making.

So I close this brief survey, and drop the mantle of historian. Next week I return to *causerie*. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your kind attention!

Post War Germany

PEACE PATROL. By Lieut. Col. Stewart Roddie. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1933. \$3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE years 1919-1926, through which Colonel Roddie's reminiscences wind their vivacious course, years of the lingering blockade and disarmament, of the inflation, the Kapp putsch, of "sanctions" and the Occupation of the Ruhr, were years of tragedy, of almost unbearable dismay and humiliation for the Germans, but to the officer who lived through them as one of the Olympians of the British Military Mission, they must already be looked back to as a sort of personal golden age.

He was thirty-five when that romantic seven years' experience began. The war was over so far as he was concerned, and for the moment, at least, well won. He was good-looking, well-bred, he danced, played the piano, spoke languages fluently, had all the graces of the more accomplished sort of diplomatic secretary. His uniform, when he wore it, his papers when he went in mufti, had all the magic powers of an Aladdin's lamp. He already knew Germany well, was a man of imagination and sympathy. To a people harassed and bewildered beyond words, any such Englishman appeared as a possible counterweight to the demands of the more intransigent French, as the symbol of a traditionally "sporting" and reasonable spirit, a straw to cling to, a possible way out. And whether by special assignment or in the natural course of his other duties, the engaging Englishman became a sort of liaison-officer between the British Royal Family and all their near relatives, the ex-kings and queens, grand-dukes, grand-duchesses, and what not, scattered not only over Germany but over all Europe. It is evident that Colonel Roddie both enjoys and has a gift for doing himself well and that he prefers the society of "people who matter."

He seems, indeed, to have liked almost everybody, unless, perhaps, Ludendorff and Hitler, and he even gives a touch of grotesque pathos to "poor old Ludendorff" as he leaves him, after their rather stormy interview in Munich, "still standing there in the cold, bare-headed and without an overcoat—looking at the mountains." Stresemann he regards as "the greatest, if not the only great politician of post-war times." Rathenau, in his last tragic days, Cuno, Stinnes, old General von Kluck, with his explanation of how the Marne might have been won, an American or two and a number of his own countrymen, these and many others are here, now seen directly and now through others' intimate letters.

Colonel Roddie seems to take to writing with the ease and relish with which he takes to life. We suspect that many readers of this unusually entertaining record will wish that he might be back in his old stamping grounds now, and in a position to explain, out of his unique background and with his sympathetic understanding of all sorts of Germans, just what this new Fascist Germany, which seems so ready to scrap the laborious accomplishments of the past dozen years, is all about!

Authors' Week, inaugurated a few years ago to help the Hungarian authors through a period of stress, has proved an unusual success this year. One hundred and twelve tents were erected in the thoroughfares of Budapest and in these tents prominent authors autographed their works, which were sold at reduced prices. The best seller this year proved to be "The Past Chimes," a novel by János Komáromi, one of the most original of modern Hungarian authors. Komáromi unites in his work the strength and simplicity of the agricultural class, from which he springs, and a delicate and polished technique which might be compared to that of the German author, Kellermann. Komáromi's best-known novel, "Hi, Kossacks!", has been translated into several foreign languages.

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